

Evening Public Ledger and THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CHAS. H. LINDBERG, President; JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager...

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NOTICE TO LEGISLATORS! WITH the resumption of sessions at Harrisburg tonight, the people of Philadelphia expect the members of the Legislature to waste no more time in shilly-shallying...

THE BIG TRIP HAS BEEN MADE! SCIENCE and optimism again won laurels. Captain Jack Alcock and Lieutenant Arthur W. Brown have successfully made a nonstop air journey across the Atlantic in sixteen hours...

THE DEMOCRACY OF LABOR THE decision of the American Federation of Labor to admit negro workers to the unions, made unanimously, is likely to be regarded in the future as of much greater consequence than any other action taken by the federation since its foundation...

SECRETARY WILSON'S SENSE WE commend to the attention of the social philosopher two remarks made by Secretary Wilson at the labor convention in Atlantic City...

WHY THE DOCTRINE LIVES IN HIS complaint because the league-of-nations covenant fails to define the Monroe Doctrine in explicit terms, Senor Bonilla, head of the Honduran delegation to the Peace Conference, touches upon a signal virtue of the American policy...

elastic form, which renders adaptable and open to agencies of justice the relations of our sister republics with the United States. The Peace Conference did an excellent job when it declined the task of definition on this subject.

CHAIRMAN HAYS IS WISER THAN THE SENATE

His Protest Against Making a Party Issue of the Peace Treaty is Politically Expedient as Well as Fundamentally Sound

NEVER were words more opportunely spoken than those which came from the lips of the chairman of the Republican national committee in Fort Wayne. The Republican leadership in the Senate has been pursuing a course which if followed long would land the party in the ditch and completely destroy its usefulness as an instrument for executing the popular will...

Such a course weakens the party that enters upon it and it weakens the influence of the nation as a whole in its dealings with other nations. It has been a tradition of American politics for generations that all partisan jurisdiction ended at the three-mile limit of national jurisdiction over the sea...

Why should Mr. Hays be talking in this way at this time? Are not the Republican senators to be trusted to act for the party? The answer to these questions is easy, if one will consider for a moment what Mr. Hays has been doing for many weeks. He has been traveling up and down the country, talking with business and political leaders in close touch with the sentiment of the people...

THE SORT OF STUFF THAT HAS BEEN put forth from Washington in the name of Republicanism is neither good Republicanism nor good Americanism. The Republicans throughout the country should protest against the intrusion of it by the Lodges and the Borahs and the rest of them into the discussion of the problems of peace...

But we find the men who should be our leaders in this great task turning aside from it and apparently deaf to the imperative voice summoning them to the pressing duty so much bigger than the gratification of personal spite or the securing of partisan advantage that they ought not to be mentioned in the same breath...

There are functions for the parties to perform. Mr. Hays does not ignore them. He stresses those policies with which the Republican party has been identified for years, and by indirection reminds his associates that they are neglecting their obvious duty to apply those policies to domestic problems by spending their time and energies on matters outside of the realm of political partisanship...

There is the protective tariff, for example. Under it we have the best paid workmen in the world and our resources have been developed so that they supply our own needs and leave a surplus for the needs of the rest of the world. The war has proved that many other industries might have been created here if the proper protection had been given to them. We discovered that we were dependent on Germany for products made from the waste of such industries as thrive here, and we have been forced by necessity to do those things which prudence should have taught us to do years ago...

We ought not to forget this lesson and we should not be satisfied with a protective tariff on the dye and chemical industries, but should seek out other industries which have not been developed and apply the tariff to them in order that we may produce so far as possible all the articles that we need. Business has been accustomed to looking to the Republican party for helpful legislation. It needs such legislation at present, framed sympathetically instead of by men with hostile minds. The Republican party has not toyed

with government ownership and it is not likely to toy with it now, but it is committed to a policy of regulation of public service corporations in the interest of all the people. It must undo the bedevilment of the railroad problem and it must make it clear to the country at large that no legitimate enterprise has anything to fear from government interference, so that private initiative may be permitted to work unhampered.

If no other motive is potent enough to turn the Senate from its present mad course, it ought to perceive that the warning of Mr. Hays, who has been putting his ear to the ground and listening to good purpose, should be heeded if the Republican party is to be saved from defeat. Desire for the leaves and fishes is not the highest motive, but it will serve for lack of a better one.

POLICE AND THE GOLDEN AGE

WHEN the Camden bridge is built, when reformers in Philadelphia politics learn to walk alone, when the western states elect senators with good sense, when the high cost of living becomes low, when all troubles and differences are over between men—in short, when the millennium arrives—traffic policemen in Philadelphia will be permitted to wear summer uniforms of a sort that might not be devised as punishment for grievous sins. Brass buttons and blue cloth are a tradition in the police service. They insure the maximum of discomfort for the men. The army and even the postoffice department showed how men can be official in appearance and yet comfortable. Other cities here and abroad have found ways in which to garb their traffic men fittingly in the dog days.

In this city a policeman stationed in the middle of a blazing street, buttoned stiffly to the ears in a thick coat, seems no more logical than the damsel who swelters blissfully under summer furs. But the lady provides her own punishment. Men long since dead decreed it for the helpless members of the Philadelphia police force.

CHICAGO HAS THE NERVE

PLANS for spending \$14,000,000 on new apartment hotels in Chicago have been made since the signing of the armistice. Most of them have been made within three months. Chicago builders evidently have confidence in the future of their city, and they have the nerve to invest their money in providing homes for the population that even now is waiting for them. Cost of building may come down, but they are willing to gamble that it will not come down before the new buildings have made profit enough to justify their erection.

This is the sort of thing that has been largely responsible for the growth of the city by the lake. Its business men are willing to take chances. My favorite joke is Colonel House. I am eighty-one years old (today). I like paraps and am in favor of the league of nations. I am always in favor of things that nobody understands. It makes life interesting. I will come to the convention all dressed up like a horse.

THE SMALL POWERS THAT ARE demanding of the Big Four that a plenary session be held to discuss treaty changes are indulging in United States Senate tactics. The council of ten will meet the Turkish delegation in the cloakroom of the Quai d'Orsay tomorrow. When it comes to the question of reparations they will doubtless sojourn to the anteroom.

A recent trial trip in a Merry Young Soul the Delaware of a locally built vessel has demonstrated that Cole is king of speed among torpedoed destroyers. Now let the Fiddlers Three celebrate the fact.

THE BRITISHER and the American shared honors in the transatlantic air flight. "Hands Across the Sea," thus succeeded by "Wings Across the Sea," with an international cast.

"Tis a wise child that knoweth his own father," said the cynic. But Judge Gorman, of the Municipal Court, believes that child exists and accepted his testimony in one word, "Daddy," in a recent "support" case. "Out of the mouths of babes cometh wisdom."

Two hundred thousand French soldiers have appealed to French strikers to maintain their movement on strictly professional lines and not to disarm France by a general walkout "just when the hour of justice for the people strikes." It is inconceivable that the appeal can be ignored. The soldiers themselves are working-men, but workmen who laid down their tools to take up arms for France and civilization. They have the right to demand that for which they appeal.

Premier Orlando is as busy as a shuttle. Add "Plane Tales"—the story of Alcock and Brown.

Alcock and Brown demonstrated that it is a piffing little ocean after all. German delegates consider the work of the drafting committee a frame-up.

The charter baby had several colicky times, but is now resting easily. After July 1 every club member will have his own little bone-dry locker.

In the matter of peace the Germans do not find delays dangerous. It has never been authoritatively stated that prohibition will reduce the number of drug addicts.

The Dove of Peace is believed to be roosting in one of the pigeonholes in the Chateau de Versailles. The legislator in Harrisburg who wishes to stand on his dignity had better practice a little on the slack wire.

The evidences of industrial unrest in France ought to set as a check on our own Senate. It is a mighty small ocean after all. Councils' action in making it unlawful to steal a ride on any motor or horse-drawn vehicle is a great blow to the movie detective.

THEIR FAVORITE JOKES

Some Things Which the Members of the American Press Humorists' Association Think Are Funny

The convention of the American Press Humorists' Association will be held in this city next week. Some of the members, at the request of the secretary-treasurer, have told him what they think is the funniest joke they ever heard. Some of the things are original, and some are not. Some are their own humor—and some are not. Following is the first installment of the things which they think are good.

J. A. WALDRON, an ex-president of the American Press Humorists, says that during the years of his editorship of Judge he has so often encountered his favorite joke in the manuscripts submitted to the magazine—and possibly it has been so often printed by his Honor—that it would be unkind to spring it upon the clientele of the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER, "which has so much original humor that no relics should be permitted in its columns."

DON HEROLD, of Indianapolis, says he hasn't any favorite joke, so compromises on a couple of aphorisms: "Work is the greatest thing in the world, so we should always save some of it until tomorrow." Hereafter we will believe less history than ever, now that we have seen how it is made.

O. O. MCINTYRE writes: "My favorite joke: The wheeze about the feller coming home soused and upsetting the bowl of goldfish. When his wife yelled down the stairs, 'John, what's that?' he replied, 'I'll teach those damn goldfish to snap at me!'"

MRS. ELIZABETH SEARS writes: "The funniest thing I heard happened last year at Camp Dix, when the Y. M. C. A. personally conducted a passel of writers and editors around the place—figuring on a lot of publicity out of it. A bunch of us were in a dusty lobby, being shown the remonst station, and we met a major who had once written a poem himself and was tremendously interested at meeting so many brilliant writers at once, as it were. A merry wit from the New York Tribune was introducing us to the major, he being in command of the remonst station and having shown us various courtesies. He was anxious to be nice to us and to show that he really read the magazines and knew our various names. "When he was introduced to Ellis Parker Butler, the major wrinkled his brow and repeated: "Butler—Butler—let's see—Butler." "The Pigs Is Pigs man, you know," delicately reminded the merry wit from the Tribune. "Of course I knew," returned the major, indignantly; "I was merely trying to place his last story." "Oh, no," promptly remarked Ethel Watts Mumford, from a dusty section of the lobby, "he's still trying to do that himself." "And Mr. Butler sadly but truthfully acknowledged that it was indeed so."

ROY K. MOULTON, of the New York Evening Mail, writes: "I don't know a damn thing to tell you about myself. If you would talk to me about two kids I could talk all day, but the old man has sort of settled down into a state of speechless acquiescence to the prevailing order of things. My favorite joke is Colonel House. I am eighty-one years old (today). I like paraps and am in favor of the league of nations. I am always in favor of things that nobody understands. It makes life interesting. I will come to the convention all dressed up like a horse."

KIN HUBBARD, alias Abe Martin, of the Indianapolis News, National Newspaper Service and the Universal Film Manufacturing Company's Screen Magazine, says: "If a feller screwed up his face when he asks for a credit like he does when he's asked to settle he wouldn't git it. Some girls don't seem to care so their ears are covered. "What's the girl's name?" "What's become of it?" "ole time girl whose complexion changed with her varyin' moods!"

TREVE COLLINS, JR., of the American Newspaper Service and a candidate for membership in the A. P. H., writes: "There is one consolation about crowded street cars: You may be too tired to stand up, but you couldn't fall down if you wanted to. Time and tide wait for no MAN. So woman, lovely woman, continues to be as late as she pleases. Some women can see good points in every man except the one they've married. The only reason some men go for sudden wealth is that it would enable them to lie in bed as long as they'd like to in the morning. A woman is quite willing to forgive a man all his faults—unless she's married to him."

MRS. DARRAGH ALDRICH writes: "My favorite joke is new this year. That is pretty good for a favorite joke. This is it (a joke is always in two parts): PART ONE—The Jobs: Young Man in Stage Box—This is an awfully clever play. Who wrote it? Popular Producer—You did. PART TWO—Why It Is Funny: Perhaps it isn't. But I think it is because I am steadily—and firmly—drawing (original) party-stampet Author's Royalties from the Broadway hit, "A Prince There Was," which Billboards and Burbs insist is "the very funniest thing!" That George M. Cohan Ever wrote it! It is funny, very funny, and every weekly check makes it more heartily hilarious."

A Flood of New Stamps The reconstruction period in Europe is producing many new postage stamps. Hundreds of these already have appeared, and the philatelic albums and catalogues of the future will contain sections and sections which do not now appear in these collectors' columns. From Czecho-Slovakia alone there have emanated several scores of varieties since the dual monarchy Austria-Hungary disintegrated under war pressure. Jugo-Slavia has at least thirty different ones for use within that new country, not to mention many others which the Jugo-Slavs put in circulation within the history-making port of Fiume. The Hungarian republic has put forth twenty-eight for temporary use until a permanent series can be printed. Italy has issued, for use in Fiume, approximately forty varieties, and it is conjectured whether they will still be allowed in use should Fiume become a free city. Estonia has established philatelic identity, with at least four varieties: as have Livonia, with eleven; Ukraina, with about thirty; South Russia, four, and the republic of Poland, with more than sixty. The reconstruction period has affected also the philately of Bulgaria, Rumania and probably Serbia. And in one sense the reconstruction era may be said to embrace various "victory stamps," including the one issued by the United States, a series by Siam and those to come from Japan, Canada and other countries, and a commemorative set in Belgium.

PEACE WITH INDEMNITIES



THE CHAFFING DISH

AGRIEVOUSLY increasing mail makes it necessary to point out certain facts to our clients. Contributions accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes, if not printed, will probably be returned sooner or later, generally later. Not, however, unless the stamps are very firmly affixed. If they show any evidence of departing from their moorings we steam them loose and steal them. The fact that we print a contribution does not mean that we think it has any literary merit, nor does it mean that we are willing to discuss with the author his or her chances of literary immortality. It means simply that we were, at the anguished moment when our eye glittered upon it, hard up for material. Unused contributions are kept in a large packing case beside our desk, into which we occasionally dip and bring forth whatever comes to hand. Outraged clients who want their poems back are at liberty to rummage in this box and rescue their treasures. Please do not ask us to inform you of the date of issue in which your gem appeared. We guarantee nothing.

The Ravin' (As Poe might have written it on the night of June 30) ONCE upon a midnight dreary While I pondered weak and weary Over many a joyous reveler, 't bottled goods galore, As I thought of bar and ralling, All the while my spirit falling. Suddenly I heard a walling, As if some one had been trailing, Trailing chains before my door.

"Must this prohibition chain Bind around my throat and brain? Who is it that waits outside?" Here I opened wide the door, "Tell me, raven," I demanded, "Speak to a poor soul who's stranded— Will the dry law be remanded, With goblets clinking as of yore?" Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Must our lusty German brewers Pour their beer into the sewers Just because a proclamation 'Tossed the propophore during war? Cannot dry decrees be broken? By a word so lightly spoken? Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Freeman H. Hubbard. "Endured an hour's torture" indecision tonight asking myself whether I should go over to ask her to be my wife or should I go to the Fabian Society and hear Bernard Shaw. Kept putting off the decision even till after dinner. If I went to the flat, I must shave; to shave required hot water—the landlady had already cleared the table and was rapidly retreating. Something must be done at once. I called the old thing back, impulsively and ordered shaving water, consoling myself with the reflection that it was still unnecessary to decide; the hot water could be at hand in case the worst happened. If I decided on matrimony I could shave forthwith. Should I? "Drink some coffee and next found myself slowly, mournfully putting on hat and coat. You can't shave in hat and coat, so I concluded I had decided on Shaw. Slowly undid the front door latch and went off.—The Journal of a Disappointed Man.

How About the Street-Cleaning Department? "What is civilization? It is the ennobling together at a given time of the accumulations of the past.—Senator Williams in the Congressional Record. Those who have read the (now obsolete) draft of the peace treaty will doubtless recall that Part VIII, Section 1, Article 244,

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

HOW HAPPY is he born and taught More of that serveyt nor another's will; Whose armor is his honest thought, And simple truth his utmost skill! Whose passions not his masters are; Whose soul is still prepared for death, Not tied unto the world by care Of public fame or private breath; Who evades none that chance doth raise, Nor vice, who never understood How deepest wounds are given by praise; Nor rules of state, but rules of good; Who hath his life from rumors freed; Whose conscience is his strong retreat; Whose state can neither flatterers feed, Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray More of His grace than gifts to lend; And entertains the harmless day With a well-chosen book or friend— This man is freed from servile bands Of hope to rise, or fear to fall; Lord of himself, though not of lands, And having nothing, yet hath all. —Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639).

The German delegates will doubtless have many serious reflections in the Hall of Mirrors. "Getting it across" and "putting it over" are the middle names of Alcock and Brown. At one stage of their Journey Alcock and Brown found themselves traveling upside down. That's all right. They didn't do any traveling backward.

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For the Child Federation Here's to our young friend Miffin McGill, Who drew one dollar out of his sill. Miffin's two weeks old today, And begins his career in a generous way. Miffin, if he is given scope, Will develop into a philanthrope.

John A. Cleary Is not chary. He gives us one green engraving: Commentary Does not vary: There's no fun like children-saving.

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An article in the Boston Transcript describes Clemenceau's career as a teacher in a girls' school at Stamford, Conn. Think, says the article, Think of the Tiger surrounded by a bevy of young things all chattering at once, whenever he dared to call them to order! Think of him as playing "tag" and hide-and-seek—and even some of those old kissing games, out on the hills, near the school-house, chasing some teasing girl far and wide, and sometimes catching her.

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Answers to Saturday's Quiz 1. The Republicans in the Senate have a majority of two. 2. The zebu is the East Indian humped ox. 3. "Lo" as a name for an Indian is factotously derived from the lines from Pope: "Lo, the poor Indian; whose untutored mind Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind." 4. The Stars and Stripes was adopted by Congress as the national flag on June 14, 1777, in Philadelphia. 5. "Darbies" is the slang term for hand-cuffs. 6. Baroness de la Roche, a French aviatrice, achieved the woman's record for altitude last week, when she flew to a height of 15,700 feet. 7. A nawab is a native governor or nobleman in India. 8. Charles Lever wrote the novel "Charles O'Malley." 9. William Henry Harrison and Jacob Brown were two generals prominent in the War of 1812. 10. Ludwig van Beethoven wrote the "Moonlight Sonata."